BY EDWIN R. SELBY. Ravenna, Portage County, Ohio.

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Doetrn.

From the Sa urday Courier. THE DEATH OF AN UNKNOWN INDIAN · A DIRGE,

BY THOMAS G. SPEAR. Who mourns for the Indian? The grass and the trees, The marmering stream, And wandering breeze :-His true and his years, And his name were unknown, And no brother on weep Where he sleepeth slone. Who mourns for the Indian! The bird in his sorg, At twilight and eve, Will sadly prolong A requiem strain, In the wild solitude. In grief for the full Of the child of the wood. Who mourns for the Indian? The dew drap at night.

Unbroken and bright , And the rays of the moon, And gleam of the star, Will glide to his mount, From the zenith afar. Who mourns for the Indian? The billow shall break. In i's passionate roar, And the s a-cavern's quake, As it rolls to the shore, -And the winds of the deep

Will steal from the sky,

Shall whis le and yell To the place of his sleep. Who mourns for the Ind an? The cloud shall let fall The trars that it weeps O'er the slumbers of all; And men as they pass May pause with a sigh, And think of his fate, With a sorrowing eye.

The following lines are from an E gl sh par per, pub ished during the pressure in 1835; CONFIDENCE AND CREDITS The day was dark, the markets dull The 'Change was thin, Gazettes were full, And half the town was breaking; The countersign of each was "stop!" Bankers and Bank up's shut up shop, And honest hearts were aching. When near the Bench, my fancy spied A faded form, with hasty stride, Beneath grief's burthen stooping Her name w & Credit, and she s id, Her father: Trade, was latel dad, Her mother, Commerce, drosping. The smile that she was wont to wear Was withered by the hand of care, Her eyes had lost their lustres. Her character was cone she aid, For besely she had been betrayed, And nobady would trust her.

That honest Industry had tri d To gain fair Credit for his bride, And found the bidy willing: But sh! a Fo tone hunter came, And Speculation was his name. A Rake not worth a shill ng

The villain was on mischief bent, He gained both Dad and wam's consent, And then poor Credit sparted : He fil hed her fortune and her fame-He fixed a b'ol upon her name, And left her broken hearted.

When thus poor Credit seemed to sigh Her cousin Confidence came by, (Methinks he must be clever;) For when he whisp red in her car. She checked the sigh, she dried the tear

And smited as sweet as ever

THE DEATH OF THE BLACK VULLURE. From Nick of the Woods, or the Abbenda пакау.

BY DR. R. M BIRD.

At nightfall. Nathan was removed to Wenongs's ca. in, where the chief, sur rounded by a dozen or more warriors made him a speech in such English phes ses as he had acquired, informing the prisoner, as before, that the Wenonga, was a great chief and warrior, that the other, the prisoner was a great medicine man; and, finally, that he, Wenonga, required of his prisoner, the medicine man, by his charms, to produce the Jabonnaino say, the uncerthly slayer of his people and curse of his tribe, in order that he, the great chef, who leared neither warrior nor devil, might fight cim like a mun, so that he, the aforesaid destroyer, should destroy his young men in the dark no

adjestern



Courier.

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RAVENNA, (Omo.) THURSDAY, JUNE 8, 1837.

WHOLE No. 629.

Not even to this speech, though receiv. ed by the warriors with marks of great approbation, did Nathan vouchsafe the east not ce ; and the savages despairing of moving him to their purpose at that period, but hoping perhaps to find him in more reasonable mood at another monent, left him, - but not until they had gain inspected the throngs, and satisfied themselves they were tied in knots strong and intricate enough to hold even a conaror. They also, before leaving him to himself, placed food and waver at his side, and in a way that was perhaps designed to show their opinion of his wonderous nowers; for as his arms were pinioned rightly behind his back, it was evident he could feed houself only by magic.

The stold indifference to all sublunary matters which had distinguished Na-han throughout the scene, vanished, the moment he found himself alone. In fact, the step of the savage the last to depart was yet rustling among the weeds at the Black Vulture's door, when making a viofent effort, he succeeded in placing himself in a sitting posture, and glared with eager look around the apartment, which was, as before, douby lighted by a fire on the floor. The piles of skins and domestic utensils were hanging about, as on the proceeding night; and, indeed, nothing seemed to have been disturbed, except the weapons, of which there had been so many when Edith occcopied the den, but of which not a single one now remained. Over the fire, - the long tresses that depended from it swinging and fluttering to the currents of smoke and heated a r, was the bundle of scalps, to which Braxley had so insidiously directed the gaze of Edith and which was now one of the first objects that met Nathan's eyes.

Having reconnoitered every corner and eranny, and convinced himself that there was no lucking savage watching his movements, he began straig tway to test the strength of the thong by which his arms were bound; but without making the slightest impression on it. The cord was strong, the knots were securely tied : and after five or six minutes of struggling, in which he made the most prodigious efforts to tear it asunder, without hesitating at the anguish it caused him, he was bliged to give over his hopes, fain could he have, like Thompson's demon in the ner of the cood Knight, enjoyed that coninlation of despair .- to

Sit him fully down, and gnaw his bitter nail. He summoned his strength, and renewed his efforts again and again, but always aithout effect; and being at last persuaded of his inability to and himself, he leant back against a bundle of skins, to counsel with his own thoughts what hope, if any, vet remained.

At that ins ant, and while the unutterd misery of his spirit might have been read in his haggard and despairing eye, a low whining sound, coming from a corner of the tent, but on the outside, with a rusting and scratching, as if some animal were strongling to burrow its way betwigt the skins and earth, into the edge, struck his car He started and stared round with a wild but joyous look

'Hist, hist!' he cried, -- or rather whispered for his voice was not above his breath; 'hist, hist! If thee ever was wise, now do thee show it!

The whining ceased; the scratching and rustling were heard a moment longer; and, then, rising from the skin wall under which he had made his way, appeared-no buky demon, indeed, somnoned by the conjuror to his assistance -but tittle dog Perer, his trusty, sagacions, and hitherto inseparable friend. reeping with scalthy step, but eyes glisening with affection, towards the bound and helpless prisoner.

'I can't hug thee, little Peter!' cried the master as the little animal crawled to him, wagging his tail, and, throwing his paws upon Nathan's knee, looked into his f ce, with a most meaning stare of inqui y; 'I can't hug thee, Pter ! - Thee sees how it is! the Injuny have ensuared me. But where thee is, Peter, there is hope. Quick, tittle Peter !' he coud, thrust ug his arms out from his back ; thee has teeth, and thee knows how to usesthem-thee has knawed me free before - Quick, little Peter, quick! Thee eeth is the knives; and with them thee can cut me free!'

The little animal, whose remarkable dociny and sagacity have been instanced before, seemed actually to understand his master's words, or, at least, to comreliend from his gestures, the strange duty that was now required of him; and, without more ado, he laid hold with his teeth upon the thong round Nathan's wrists, tugging and grawing at it with a zeal and perseverance that seemed to make his master's deliverance, somer or later, sure; and his industry was quickened by Nathan, who all the while, ear couraged min with whispers to continue

us effetts. Thee gnawed me loose, when the four Shawness had me bound by their fire, at night, on the banks of Kenhawa; (does thee remember that, Perer?) Ay, thee did while the knaves slept; and f.om

that sleep they never walked, the murdering villains !- no, not one of them !- Gnaw, little Peter, - gnaw hard and fast; and care not if thee wounds me with thee teth ; for, truly, I will forgive thee, even if thre bites me to the bone.-Faster, Peter, faster! Dies thee boggle at the skin, because of its hardness? Truly, I have seen thee a-hungered, Peter, when thee would have cracked it like a marrowbone! Fast, Peter, fast ; and there thee shall see me again in freedom!

With such expressions Nathan inflam ed the zeal of his familiar, who continued to gnaw for the space of five minutes or more, and with such effect, that Nathan, who ever and anon tested the brute's progress by a violent jerk at the rope, found at the fourth or fifth effort, that it vielded a little, and cracked, as if its fibres were already giving way.

'Now, Peter ! tuz, if thee ever tugged!' he cried, his hope rising almost to ecstasy: 'A little longer; one bite more,a little, but a little longer Peter, if thee loves thee master! Yea; Peter, and we will walk the woods again in freedom!-Now, Peter now for the last bite !'

But the last bite Peter, on the sudden, betrayed a disinclination to make He ceased his toil, justled against his manter's side, and uttered a whine, the lowest that could be made and ble.

Hah !' cried Nathan, as, at the same instant, he heard the sound of factstons approaching the wigwam, ther speakes the truth, and the accursed villams is noon us! Away with thre, dog-thee shall finish the work by and by!"

Faithful to his master's orders, or perhaps to his own sense of what was firting and proper in such a case, little Peter leaped bastily among the skins and other litter that covered half the floor and the sleeping berths of the lodge, and was immediately out of sight having lef the anartment, or concealed himself in its darkest corner. The stees subranched; they reached the door; Nathan threw himself back, reclining against his pite of fors, and fixed his eve muon the mate at the entrance. They were presently partrud; and the old chief Wenonga came halting into the spartment,-halting, yet with a step that was designed to indicate all the pride and dignity of a warrior .-And this attempt at state was the more natural and proper, as he was armed and painted as if for war, his grim counter nance hidenusty bedaubed on one side with vermill on, on the other with black, a long scalping-knife, without sheath or cover, swinging from his wampum belt, white a hatchet, the blade and hardle both of steel, was grasped in his hand -

In this quise, and with a wild and demonical glitter of eye, that seemed the result of mingled drunkenness and insanity, the old chief stalked and limped up to the prisoner, looking as if bent upon his instant destruction. That his passions were un in arms, that he was ripe for mischief and blood, was indeed plain and undeniab'e; but he soon made it augment that his rage was only conditional and alternative, as regarded the prisoner. Pausing within three or four feet of him and giving him a look that seemed designed to freeze his blood : it was so desperately hostile and savage, he extended his arm and hatchet, - not, however, to strike, as it appeared, but to do what might be judged almost equally agreeable to ninetenths of his race, - that is, to deliver a

"I am Wenonga!" he cried, in his own tongue, being perhaps ton much enraged to think of any other -I am Wenonga, a great Shawnee chief; I have fought the Long-knives, and drink their blood; when they hear my voce, they are afraid, -they run howling away like dogs when the squaws beat them from the fire-who eyer stood before We non ga? I have fought my enemies, and kill ed them. I never feared a white ma : why should I fear a white man's devil Where is the Jibbenainosay, the curse of my tribe?-the Shawnerwannswin, the howl of my people? He kills them in the dark, he creeps upon them while they sleep : but he fears to stand before the face of a warrior! am I a dog? or a woman? The squaws and the children curse me, as I go by: they say I am the killer of their husbands and fathers; they tell me it was the deed of Wenney; that brought the white man's devil to kill the killer of his people! I am Wenonga; 1 am a man; I fear anthing. I have sought the Jibbenainosay. But the Jibbenaino. say is a coward; be walks in the dark. he kills in the time of steep he tears to fight a warrior! My brother is a great medicine man; he is a white man, and he knows how to find the white man's devils. Let my brother speak for m ; let him show me where to find the Jih benainosay; and he shall be a great Chief, and the son of a chief; Westing will make him his son, and he shall be a Shawnee !"

"Does Wenonga at last, feel he has brought a devil upon his people!" said Nathan, speaking for the first time since his capture, and speaking in a way well suited to strike the interrogator with surprise. A sneer, as it seemed, of gratified malice crept ever his face, and was

visible even through the cost of paint. that still invested his features; and, to crown all, his words were delivered in the Shawnee tongue, correctly and unbesitatingly pronounced; which was itself, or so Webongs appeared to hold it, a proof of his superhuman acquirements.

The old chief started, as the words fell upon his ear, and he looked around him in awe, as if the prisoner had already summoned a spirit to his elbow.

I have heard the voice of the dead !" he cried. 'My brother is a great medicine ? But I am chief ;- I am not afraid. 'The chief tells me lies,' rejoined Na-

than, who, having once unlocked i is lips, seemed but little disposed to resume his former sitence; -- the chief tells me lies : there is no white devil burts his pro-

pel'
I am ac old man and a warrior,—I speak the truth?' said the chief, with digniy; and then added; with sudden feeling .- 'l am an old man; I had sons and grandsons - young warriors and boys that would soon have blacked their faces for battle - where are they - I he Jibbenainosay has been in my village, he has been in my wigwars-There are none left - the Jibbroamos ev killed them !"

'Ay P exclaimed the prisoner, and his wes shot fire as he spoke, they fell under his hand, man and hoy .- there was not one of them spared-they were of the

blood of Woninga! "Wanningo is a great celef!" rried the Ind an; the is childless he has made the

Lorg knife chidless." 'The Long-knife, and the son of Onas!" said Na han

The clief staggered bick, as if struck by a blow, and stared wildly upon the

knows all things!" he exclaimed. specks the trait; I am a great warrior; I to k the scalp of the Quack 1---

And for his wife and children -you left nor one alive !-- Ay !' con-inged Na than, fastening his looks upon the ama. zed chief, "you slew them all! And he that was the husband and father, was the Shawnes' friend, the triend even of We-

bers!' said the chief: 'the Quackel was my brother; but I killed him. I am no I dian-I love white man's blood. My people have soft hearts; they cried for the Quacket; but I am a warrior with know heart. I killed them; their acalps are hanging to my fire post! I am not sorry; I am not afraid.

The eyes of the prisoner followed the Indians band, as he pointed, with savage triumph, to the shivelled scalus that had once crowned the heads of childhood and innocence, and then sunk to the floor, while his shote frame shivered as with an acue fit.

"The chief lies!' cried Nathan, with a sudden and taunting laugh; the can talk big things to a prisoner, but he fears the Jibbenainosay !

the white-man's devil !'

The warrior shall see him then ! said the raptive, with extraordinary fire. 'Cut me loose from any bo ds, and I will bring him before the chief?

And as he spoke he thrust out his legs inviving the scoke of the axe upon the thongs that bound his ankles

But this was a farme, which stopid or mad as he was, Wenonga hesitated

"The chief," cried Nathan, with a laugh of scorn, 'would stand I ce to face with the Jobbenamosay, and yet fears to loose a noked pres ner !'

The taunt produced its effect. The axe fed u on the throng, and Nathan leaped to his feet. He extended his wriss The Indian testrated again -'The chi-f shall see the Jibb na nesay!' cried Nathan; and the cord was cur The prisoner surned quickly regard, and white his eyes fastened with a wild but joy us clare aporhis paler's, a taugh that would have become the jaws of a hienna, light ed up his visage, and sounded fr in his tips 'Look!' he cried, - thee has thee wi ! Thre sees the destroyer of thre race - ay, murd ring villa n, the destroyer of ther people, and thee own!"

And with that, leading upon the ass counded chief with rather the raccor as ferocity of a wolf than the eam ty of a haman he ing & ctu ching him by the throat with one hand, while with the other he tore the from roman wk from his grasn, he bore him to the earth, cinging to him as he felt and using the wrested account with such formus haste and skill, that b ore they had yet reached the ground he had an eved it in the Istan's brain. Ano her strace, and another, he gave with the same murd rows activity and fine; and Wisness trade the path to the spire and b aring the same gory eviden es of the relea ing and successful vergrance of the white map, that his bidger and grand children had borne

. Av. dog thee dies at last! at last I ave conget to e !"

With these wo d. Nathan leaving the s a ter d skor, dashed he tomahawk into the Indian's thest snatched the scalp- | seek teasons for repudiating me? for think not four years past.

ing-knife from the belt, and with one grinding sweep of the blade, and one fierce jerk of his arm, the gray scalp-lock of the warrior was torn from the dishengred head. The last proof of the slaver's ferocity was not given until he had twice with his utmost strength, drawn the knifover the dend man's breast, dividing skin, cartilage, and even bone before it, so sharp was the blade, and so powerful the hand that urged it.

Then lenging to his feet, and anatching from the post the bundle of withered scale - the lock- and ringlets of his own mucdered shildren, which he spread a mo-ment before his eyes with on hand, while the other extended, as if to contrast the two drizes together, the recking scale lock of the murdered, he sprang through the door of the talge, and fled from the village; but not until be had, in the insane fury of the asoment, given fortawild, ear pierring yell, that spoke the ter nmah, the exulting transport, of long buf fled but never dving revenge. The wild whoop, thus rising in the denth and stillpess of the startled night, many a wakeful warrior and timerous mother from heir repose. But such sounds in a disorderly hamlet of burbarians, were too common to create afarm or un-asines-; and the wary and the timid again, betook themselves to their dreams, leaving the corse of their chief to stiffen on the floor of his own wiewam

From the W stern Monthly Mazazine. The Empress of France. BY JAMES H. PERKINS.

"She in the working of whose dest'ny, the man of blond and victory attained His m re than kingly bright "
The Conque er

When a few conturies shall have thrown beir shadows upon the strange fortuneof Nap lein, and given to every thing about him the tronge of romance, the stors of his first w fe will seem to the student rather a fable than a fact; he will look upon her as we look upon Mary of Scot. land, but with a desperinterest; for she, for more erally than her lord, was from first to last ' the child of des inv "

Told, while yet unmarred, that she would be a wife, a widow, and the queer of France-the entire fulfilment of the first part of the prophecy, gave her courage to believe in the last part als v. when under sentence of death. When beg bid was taken from her, because she was to die in the morning, she told ber weeping friends that it was not so, that she should yet sit upon that throne on the rules of which Robespierre then stone ri-mplian; and when asked in mockery. to choose her maids of h nor since she was to be queen, she did choose them. and they were her maids of honor, when half of Europe looked up to her Oo but one day later, Josephine her-eif wou'd love of country, warm at the proud was accomplished,

She married Napoleon, and through her and as her husband, he was appointed to the army of Italy; step by step stey rose, till, at fast, the crown rested upon her head; the second part of the prop :ecy was proved true, and she began to totole, untairly and displacing agly attriblook forward to that loss of power and rank, which had been also forefold, and which was to close the strange drama or

And he that had wedded the child of destiny grew every day more strong and more graspine. In vain del Josephine attem t to ule his with ion, and chasten his aims, he was an emperor, he worked to found an empre, and has a w digrees he made himself fan lear with the thoughts of putting he

When the compai is of 1809 was at an end hard nod and berrowed the general came back to his wife, his former kindness wa gone, his play futness was checked, he consul ten her but seldom, and seldom stale u o heprivate hon a with that for list the thad s often mad, ber heart leap. She

saw that her hour drew night. Il was the evening of the twentieth of N vember, the court were at Paris, in hoor the king of Sax ny. Jusephine sat at musing on the dock fate before her, whe she hear! Napoleon's step at ther dock is a cly, t at for a seemed vain. She I d him to a mire placed here if at his feet, and looking us into his

You are unhap a, Josephine," said the

Not with you, sire." "da !" said he que k'y, feeby call me sire? these shows of state steal true joy for us."
"Then why seek "tien!" naswered Jose

The emperor made no r ply, "You are now the raest of m n," she continued, way not git wir, turn ab a tion out of your coun sels, bend your thaught on the good of France and ive at home, sinong those that lov-

"I sephine." said he tuening his face from her, "It is not I, it is France demands the suc-"Are you sare of that my lord?" said his

Napoleon, i misunderstand you, are you sure it is the love of France?" Every word she spoke touched him to the

quick, and rising hasti'y, he replied, "madam, I have my reasons, g' od evening."
"Stay, sire;" said she, taking hold of his arm, "we must not part in anger. I submit. Since you wish it, I submit cheerfully. It is not in my nature to optose your will; I love you so deeply. Nor hall I cease to love you. A goleon, because I am 'o leave your throne and you side. If you still go on victorious, I shall rejoice with your If veverse comes, I will may down my life to confort you. I will pray for you morning and night; and, in the

ope that somet mes you will think of me." Hardened as he was Napoleon had loved its wife deeply and long; her submission to its stern resolve her calm but mournful dig. ity-her meshaken love, m ved even him, and for a moment affection struggled with am-He turned to embrace her again .-But in that moment, her face and form had changed. Her eye and her whole person seemed in pired. He felt himself in the persoonce of a superior being. She led him to the window, and the witt open. A thin mist res-ted from the Seine, and over the gardens of he palace, all arou d was silent, among the stars, then before them, one was far brighter an the rest; she pointed to it.

"Site !" she said, "that star is mine; to hat and not to yours was promised empire, through me, and through my destines, you have risen, part ir m me and you fall. The pirit of her that fore aw my rise to royalty, ven now com sunes with my soint, and tells ne that your fide hangs on mine. Believe me or not, if we henceforth wals anunder, you will leave no copier behind you, and will de courself in stame, and s rr w, and with a broten sp. rit."

He turned away sick at heart and overawed y the word or ne, whose destiny had been a strangely accomplished. Yen days were assed in resolves an I counter-resolves-and hen the lok that bound him to fortune, was roken, Josephine was div roed-and as he and imself at St. Helens, from that hour his ad begans

Josephine was divorced, but her love did ot ceas , in her retrement, she joyed in all has successes and prayed that he might be aved from the fruits of his foul ambition. then his son was born, she only regretted hat she was no near him in his happiness; and when he went a priso er to Elba, she b gged that she might share his prison, and relieve his woes. Every article that he had used at his residence, remained as he left it, she would to let a chur he moved. The ook. n which he had been last-reading, was here, with the page doubled down, and the pen that he had last used was by it, with the ok ried on 18 mont. When her death drew a gh, she wished to sell all her jewels, to send he tallen emperor mon y, and her will was submitted to his correction. She died before were of him and France, and her last words expressed the hope and belief 'that she had never caused a single tear of flow." She was buried to the vit age church of Ruel, and her o dy was fol owed o the grave, not alone by princes and generals, but by two thousand poor whose hearts had been made glad by her

* Engene and Hortense to Josephine." What a fund for future writers, in her aracter and fa e, and what a lesson to all of e, who her in prosperity or adversity.

GENERAL JA K ON IN EGYPT. The following extract from a very interesting and agreeable book of travels, just published, entitled . Incidents of travel in Egypt, Araba, Petre, and the Holy Land," by an American, is a beautiful and striking illustration of the effect of General Jackson' Jadministration, in elevating the character of our country in the estimation of foreign nations. The nuthor has justly said, that he "would raththat night which was to have been her er travel under the name of an American last on earth, Robe pierce feel. Hari he than with any other known in Europe. fallen a few days earlier, her first hus | Who that has traveled in Eourpe, Asia, hand would have fixed; had his fall been or Africa, has not felt his patriotsm, his have been among the ten thousand vic. tune which every step in his rambles has tims, whose names we have never heard; taught him to feel the administration of But he fell on that night, and her destiny General Jackson has assumed for us in our foreign relations? Our late controversy with France was one of those events which has secured for us abroad a charactor for energy, power, and justice, altogether superior to the truckling spirit of commerce which Europeans have, here-

sy our nuthor whales in the following ex-

tract. He had just returned to Cairo,

from a voyage up the Nile. "Hoping to receive letters from home, I went immediately to the American Consul, (Mr. Gliddon, now in this country,) and was disappointed; there were no letters, but there was other and interesting news for me; and as an American, identified with the honor of my country, I was congratulated there, thousands of miles from hom , upon the unexpected, peedy and honorable termination of our ficulties with Fr nce. An English veset had arrived at Alexandria, bringing London paper containing the President's asi m sarge, a notice of the offer of mediation from the English Government, its acceptan e by France, and the general impression that the quarrel might be considered settled and the money paid. A man must be long and far from home, to feel how dearly he loves his country-for his eyes to brighten, and his heart to beat, when he hears her praises from the lips of strangers; and when the paper was given me, with congratul tions and compliments on the successful and honorable issue of the affair with France, my feelings grew prouder and prouder as I read, until, when I had finished the last line. I threw up my cap in the old city of Cairo, and shouted the old gathering-cry, Hurrah for Jackson!"

The New York papers say that it is now fashion the for the belles to promenade Broadway in calico gowns; a very fair beginning this. The "pressure" will yet be a source of good instead of evil; we have no doubt it will seud home some wf hav you probed your heart to the not tom? is t not ambe ion that prompts you to